

## Arm as black as coal

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### Rating:

Teen And Up Audiences

### Archive Warning:

No Archive Warnings Apply

### Category:

Gen

### Fandom:

Dead Plate (RachelDrawsThis Video Game)

### Relationships:

Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau & Rody Lamoree & Marianne "Manon" Vacher, Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau's Mother & Rody Lamoree

### Characters:

Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau, Rody Lamoree, Marianne "Manon" Vacher, Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau's Mother, Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau's Father, Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau's Parents

### Additional Tags:

Past Character Death, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Ghosts, Spirits, Phone Calls & Telephones, Rings, Alternate Universe - Magic, Restaurants, Waiters & Waitresses, Past Child Abuse, Childhood Friends, Contracts, Dialogue Heavy, Ambiguous/Open Ending, Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau's Mother is called Victoire, Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau's Father is called Gabriel, POV First Person, POV Rody Lamoree, Gen Work, Fire, Friendship, Alternate Universe - Ghosts, Wordcount: 500-1.000, Manon is Alive, France (Country), 1960s

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English

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by [MiaQc](#)

## Summary

My name is Rody Lamoree. I'm 25 years old. In our world, ghosts, spirits and other entities are present. Vincent, Marianne and I have been friends since childhood. I work as a waiter at La Gueule de Saturne, the bistro owned by Vince. I was serving a customer when Victoire's spirit started to bother me.

- A translation of [Bras noir comme du charbon](#) by [MiaQc](#)

My name is Rody Lamoree. I'm 25 years old. In our world, ghosts, spirits and other entities are present. Normally, they can't interact with the living, but sometimes the rift between dimensions opens up and the dead can influence the living. Mysterious suicides, haunted houses, inexplicable murders. It's all part of our daily lives.

Vincent, Marianne and I have been friends since childhood. Our childhoods weren't easy. Vince's parents, Gabriel and Victoire Charbonneau, died in a fire and he was placed in a foster home. He's lost his sense of taste since the fire. At least, that's what he says, but I think he lost it long before that. Manon had her right eye replaced by a doll's eye because of a chaos spirit named Marverick. She's had to hide it ever since. She tells me she can see the "traces" of the dead with this eye. Their footprints. As for me, Gabriel Charbonneau's deranged mind caused my right hand and arm to turn as black as coal. He thought I was his son and tried to kill me. Fortunately, the spirit of his wife Victoire saved me, but she has haunted me ever since. She thinks I'm Vincent too. I always have to conceal my cursed arm with long sleeves and a glove. What's more, this arm links me directly with the dimension of the dead. In short, I didn't have an ordinary childhood!

I now work as a waiter at La Gueule de Saturne, the bistro owned by Vince. Manon is a fashion designer. Her childhood dream was to open a pastry shop, but she changed careers. I dropped out of school early. Not because I wasn't smart, but with my cursed arm, I was busier saving the lives from evil spirits than studying!

I was serving a customer when Victoire started to bother me.

*"Vincent, darling? Are you there?"* She said in her spectral voice.

I try to ignore her, as usual, but she knows how to be insistent. She appears in front of me with her burned face.

*"You don't have to serve these worthless idiots! You're a Charbonneau! And I'm sorry. So sorry!"*

"This isn't the time." I whispered, wanting to shut her up.

"What?" The customer asks.

"Nothing at all, Sir! Enjoy your meal."

I hurry and hide in the kitchen.

"Problem?" Vince asks me.

"Your mother." I tell him and my boss sighs.

*"I'm SORRY!"* She continues in a tormented voice.

"Lamoree, in my office."

"Yes, Chief!"

I go to Vincent's office with him. Once the door is closed behind us, my boss speaks to me again.

"Is she still apologizing?"

"Yes. Damn it, this has been going on for 16 years!"

"I know."

"I've told her over and over that I'm not you, she won't listen! Besides, I don't even know if she's telling the truth."

"Oh, she didn't lie to you. Rody, it's her fault I can't taste anything. She's the one who put a burning, metallic thing in my mouth as punishment. My mom was mad, and my old man was no better!"

"I know. He beat you a lot. Hey, Vincent."

"What?"

"I know I was getting on your nerves about it when we were kids and teens but... the fire, that really was an accident, wasn't it?"

"Honestly, Rody! Do you really think I'd burn up my own parents?"

"At first, no, but... your father... he had so much hatred in his soul... when he attacked me... mistaking me for you... so I thought... Yes, that you would have killed them indirectly."

"Rody..."

"I know it doesn't matter. It's in the past but... I'm jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Of you. Manon and her doll's eye. Me and my black arm. We're bound to the supernatural of our world, but you... You have it easy. You've

got your bistro, plenty of money, and we..."

"DON'T TALK BULLSHIT!" Vincent suddenly yells. "My life isn't easy! You, me, Manon... we made a Contract!"

He shows me the rune ring on his right ring finger. A white gold ring. I look at my glove covering my black hand. This hand also has a rune ring on its ring finger.

"You remember, I hope?" My boss asks me in a pinched tone.

*"Forgive me, Vincent!"* Continued to say Victoire, who had followed me into her son's office.

"Of course." I said, ignoring Victoire. "It was your idea. We did it after school, in the playground. It was after my arm had turned black and after Manon got her new eye."

"Right."

"Hey, we should call Manon."

"Why?"

"Because she has a better memory for details than I do."

"You're just saying that to talk to her!" I pick up the receiver of his phone. "Hey, Rody?" I dial Manon's number. "NO!"

"Marianne Vacher. Hello. "

"Too late!" I say to my boss. "Hi, it's me." I say to my friend.

"Rody! Is everything okay?"

"Yes, no bad news on the horizon. I'd like to know... do you remember the Contact?"

"The Eternal Bonding Contact? Of course I remember. We all wear a ring uniting us thanks to powerful supernatural magic. To break it would mean to die."

"Yes, I was calling you to... HEY!"

Vince took the receiver from my hands.

"Hello, Manon. Forgive Rody, but he has to get back to work."

"Oh, Vince! It's been a long time since we could talk. We should get together, the three of us."

"That's a good idea. We'll talk later, okay?"

"All right, then. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Vincent hangs up. He glares at me.

"Vince! Come on, don't get angry about that! Talking to Manon is nothing!"

"Go back to work."

"But..."

"RIGHT NOW!"

I run out of his office and Victoire's ghost is still following me.

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